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# Order of Exercises

AT THE

# UNITARIAN FESTIVAL,

ASSEMBLY HALL, ALBANY STREET,

TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1850.

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C

Rhode Island Historical Society



I. BLESSING.

II. COLLATION.

III. THANKS.

IV. REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN.

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## V. ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

*Tune — Hamburg.*

FATHER, a solemn hymn of praise
To thee our grateful spirits bring:
Through pleasant paths, in life's rough ways,
We drank from Love's perennial spring.

Thy voice along the ancient hills
Awoke the lately sleeping flowers,
And gave glad music to the rills,
Whose voices hail the genial hours.

From Nature's green and still retreat,
From hills where dwell the happy free,
We come with kindred souls to meet,
And blend all sympathies in thee.

Since last we met, among our band
The silent reaper, Death, hath trod,
And gathered for the "better land"
The dead whose spirits sleep in God.

And when no more upon the earth
Of love and praise our voices sing,
With songs that hail the second birth
May heaven through all its arches ring!

## VI. ADDRESSES.

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## VII. ORIGINAL HYMN.

*Tune — America.*

Greetings have now been heard,
Voices our souls have stirred,
With tones of love:
Our simple melody
Now shall uplifted be
In joyful praise to thee,
Father above.

To thee we freely trace
Bounties of living grace,
Blessing our land;
Thy seasons crown the year;
Summer's sweet breath is near;
All that our souls can cheer
Comes from thy hand.

All that is good and true,
Faithful and wise and new,
Father, is thine:
Thoughts that are eloquent,
Words of a pure intent,
From heart to spirit sent,
All through thee shine.

While thus in joy we've met,
Friends let us not forget,
Absent and dear:
Distant their path may be;
Yet mountain, rock, and sea,
Friend! change not thee and me, —
Thou, too, art here!

Spirits of other days,
Those whom we loved to praise!
Smile on us now:
Their toiling race is run,
Their noble work is done;
They, too, a crown have won,
Gracing the brow.

Meeting thus, friend with friend,
Where soul with soul may blend,
Christ may we own;
Bearing with him the cross,
Counting the earth but dross,
And all things else as loss,
Save him alone.

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## VIII. ADDRESSES.

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## IX. DOXOLOGY.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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